

The Revolution.

Devoted to the Interest of Woman and Home Culture.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 18.
WHOLE NO. 200.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

PRICE 8 CENTS.

Editorial Notes.

EVERY old subscriber who remits us the amount before January 1st shall have *THE REVOLUTION* for \$2 a year, or \$4 for the past and coming year.

ORGANIZE. The most effective instrument for defending our rights is the Woman's Club.

THE letter of Mr. Oliver Johnson, on another page, deserves careful reading for its timely and judicious suggestions. Mr. Johnson is one of the oldest and truest friends of the woman movement, and what he writes is always weighty and usually wise.

HARVARD has shut the door of its Law School against a young woman of Nashua, N. H., who applied for admission, because it is not common for ladies to practice at the bar. Which is an uncommonly poor excuse for an act that is indefensible. Indeed, the reason is so powerfully weak that we half suspect it came from some octogenarian lady. In fact, we surmise that one reason why Harvard objects to the admission of young women, is that she has so many old women to care for already.

A CLERK in the Post-office Department recently refused promotion, as he was unmarried and had sufficient salary, whilst a fellow clerk wanted to get married, but could not do so until his salary was raised; he respectfully declined the tempting offer in favor of his friend. Which is almost too beautiful to be believed. Such poetry to grow in such a dry, hard, matter-of-fact place as the Washington Post-office Department! We should as soon think of looking for tulips on the soft side of a pine board. That clerk deserves the best girl in Washington.

MRS. LEARY denies that her cow kicked over the lamp that set fire to the straw that burned the stable that caused the destruction of half of Chicago. Which is rendered exceedingly probable by the well-known fact that Chicago cows never kick, and Chicago kerosene is a non-combustible fluid, and Chicago hay is gathered from marshes and is so saturated with salt that it will not burn, and that Mrs. Leary's shed was built of fire-proof materials, and that the destruction of Chicago was in punishment of its sins, and, moreover, is a great blessing for which those who were not burned out are exceedingly grateful. The cow must be exonerated.

ENGLISH women of the highest rank dress very plainly, except on special occasions. This is more marked now when excessive ornamentation and display have become the ruling passion. The day has long since passed when social grades were distinguished by costume. Culture and refinement demand simplicity. The maid often dresses more gaily than the mistress. People on the highest pinnacle of

wealth and rank can afford to please themselves in many things, and it is a pity that those beneath them should neglect to follow the sensible fashions thus set, while they so readily catch up and imitate all that is foolish and pernicious.

ROSENZWEIG, the abortionist, has been convicted of murder and sentenced to seven years hard labor in the State Prison. The sentence is exceedingly light, yet it is something to secure a prompt conviction of such a dangerous criminal, and his fate should be a warning to all who are engaged in the same deadly occupation. Yet, after all, the guilt is not wholly theirs. And we blush with shame to think that many women are so lost to all sense of the honor of their sex, and to all the appeals of reason and of duty, as to resort to such dangerous expedients to escape what should be their pride and joy. But for wicked and foolish women such monsters as Rosenzweig would have nothing to do.

A SAN FRANCISCO lady writes to a paper of that city, complaining that at social gatherings the gentlemen all get intoxicated, and are unfit company for the opposite sex. At balls and parties given in private houses there is a room set apart for gentlemen where brandy and champagne flow in abundance, and where visitors may engage in "monte" and "draw poker" for unlimited amounts of money. It seems as if the ladies of San Francisco must have the regulation of these social customs in their own hands. What is the use of complaining in the newspapers when they can shut their houses against such practices, and refuse to either give or attend balls and parties until the opposite sex becomes sufficiently civilized to behave like men instead of beasts.

THE Convention of American Woman Suffrage Association, to be held in Philadelphia this month, will be one of the most important occasions of the kind ever held in this country. We hope it will be largely attended, and by all those who feel the importance of the object and of giving the movement a new impetus in the right direction. The time for personal jealousies, side issues and make-shifts of all sorts has happily gone by. What is wanted now is union on the main issues involved in our movement, and the spirit of fairness, candor, mutual respect for each other's peculiarities and opinions, and, above all, devotion to the great purpose we all have at heart. With wise methods and a proper enthusiasm, our victory is sure.

THE London *Spectator* has an able article in favor of the higher education of women, and makes a strong appeal for a Woman's University. It says there can be no manner of doubt that on many of the most delicate and difficult questions involved in our modern civilization

we greatly need the fine judgment of really educated women, and has no fear that cultivated women will rush into extremes and turn the world upside down. Culture is always conservative and women are more conservative than men. "The Women's University is the first great step to be accomplished by all who wish to see the rapid progress of Women's Education, and to avail themselves of the highest calibre of women's judgment in deciding on those various great social issues of the day in which women are most directly and powerfully interested." English society is not yet ready for the education of both sexes in the same college.

THE duty of economy never pressed so hard upon a people before as upon Americans to-day. The destruction of property by the recent conflagrations has been enormous. The want and suffering which, under the most favorable circumstances, must be endured the coming winter are beyond computation. Business in all the great centres of the nation staggers under the sudden shock and fearful blow. The women of America owe it to themselves and their husbands, no less than to the impoverished and suffering people of the West, to practice the economy which is as honorable in act as it will be useful in effect and pleasant in remembrance. Sacrifice seems like ashes, but out of it comes the purest gold. Woman never seems so truly noble and and divine, as when she forgets herself and rises to the exigency of a great occasion by acts of self renunciation. Instead of thinking what new thing they will have, the true women of to-day will ask themselves what they can do without, in order to save their husband's credit and have something to give to those in want.

The London *Athenæum*, in a discriminating notice of Miss Braddon, defends her against the charge of immorality. Although her ideal of life is not peculiarly exalted, Miss Braddon's morality is none the less most absolutely orthodox and unimpeachable. With her, virtue is virtue, and vice is vice; and that to her is virtue and that is vice which is commonly reputed as such. Nor does she for a moment disguise her sympathies. Her good men and women are the very dearest of all dear people. She treats them tenderly, as if she loved them. They have their share of tribulation, of course; but they get their big slice of cake in the third volume, in which the naughty boys and girls are properly whipped, and duly sent to bed. Not Mr. Spurgeon, not even Mr. Tupper himself, is sounder than is Miss Braddon as to the broad lines between right and wrong. She has never allowed herself to worship beauty or muscle for its own sake; to depreciate even the least of the Christian virtues; to hint that good Burgundy is a better thing than a good conscience, or that a love of art, coupled with a certain amount of somewhat brutal generosity, will cover a multitude of sins.

Contributions.

Light Suppers.

A VERY good story is told of an eccentric and not angelic-tempered lady who once, in a fit of pique against her husband, conducted his guests in to what she called a light supper, consisting of an array of lighted candles arranged upon a bare board. The joke was cruel enough to be sure; but the spiteful and witty dame, while lacerating the feelings of her spouse, was sparing the digestive organs of his friends, and perhaps deserved their hearty thanks.

One evening, during the past season, it was my fortune to attend a fashionable "german" in the character of a humble spectator. It was really an ingenious, if not praiseworthy, thing in some great unknown, with a train composed of endless gyrations, to invent a dance that should rule out of notice, in our assemblies, all but the youngest and spryest guests. Being neither young nor agile enough to pass muster among the dancing crowd, I retreated to a quiet corner, to indulge that slight vein of cynicism common to the snubbed and excluded class. The world's follies and extravagances never look quite so reprehensible to our eyes as when, from the ingenious manner society is constructed, we are perforce spectators instead of partakers. The subacid tone of comment and criticism common to people who have outgrown the illusions of the world, but not the necessity of being worldlings, has always been curiously interesting and suggestive to my mind; and when I found myself moralizing, on the occasion referred to, I seemed to have obtained the key to the academy of a distinct school of drawing-room philosophers.

The supper room was opened after midnight, and, under various alluring forms of fish, flesh, and fowl, salad, confectionery, and cream, there was one conglomerate mass of indigestion, offered at the most unwholesome hour of the twenty-four.

"Do see those young creatures eat," said a lady approaching me, who was in fact a sort of female Diogenes without the tub, in low neck and short sleeves, and hair powdered to conceal grayness, and with a touch of rouge on either cheek most artistically managed. "The appetites of these girls, especially," she continued, "is very effluating to me. Why, I wouldn't consume at this hour such a supper as they are taking, for the world. It might cost me my life. I could do it once with as much gusto as the heartiest of them, but that day is over. I have learned the evil of such indulgence, to my grief. They look rosy, plump and vigorous enough now, but how will it be in ten years time? I know, from experience, that their back-bone will go into jelly; their nerves will become jangled and out of sorts; they will have a score of diseases and horrors not to be named in polite society, and others—languor, headache, neuralgia—that fashion stands sponsor

to. Of course, bad dressing does its share towards producing these results; but bad eating is largely to blame. Look at that pretty blonde over there drinking champagne; see how her eyes glitter, and how flushed her face is, while her tongue rattles on all sorts of mad nonsense, and the young men stand around, and laugh and applaud. Bah! it isn't nice, is it? People have no right to corrupt and poison their guests, although they may, of course, bore them as much as they please."

My witty Mrs. Diogenes, as I will call her, swept on with a proper glance at the mirror, to whisper her agreeable sarcasms in another ear, and I was left again to my own reflections. It did seem a pity that—let society be as irrational, stupid and tiresome as it must when reduced almost wholly to posturing and dress—it should still combine so many dangerous elements, and set so many traps for the health and innocence of the young. I have a friend (of course she is poor and unfashionable) who declares it is the height of her ambition to reign queen of society for a single day—just long enough to decree that evening parties shall henceforth begin at seven, and end at eleven, with refreshments of plain cake, fruit and lemonade served exactly at half past nine. Why are not Mrs. Pinnacle and Mrs. Patrician occasionally seized with a spasm of sense of this sort, instead of given over to blindness and folly, leading people into all sorts of suicidal practices, in the much-abused name of enjoyment? The Mrs. Nobodies, excellent as their ideas may be, can effect little in a reform of this nature. The Mrs. Somebodies must do the work, and they do not want to do it. They are joined unto their idols; worldliness has formed upon them like a blue mould. They are willing to give up their sons and daughters to folly, as the Hindoos sacrifice their offsprings to the river god. Not much resembling real progress comes out of the Nazareth of upptendom; but, with the advance of science and the diffusion of knowledge on health laws, we do hope to see the heavy, destructive "feeds," at evening parties, banished to make room for the light supper, if not identical with the one invented by the ingenious lady mentioned at the beginning of this article, still only varying from it enough to meet the simplest demands of hospitality and social cheer.

IRIS.

Floriculture.

It has been finely said by one of our best writers that a taste for horticulture should go hand in hand with advancing civilization. What is there in all the world better adapted to woo us on to higher thoughts and more worthy aims? It is no flight of fancy to ascribe, as is often done, language to flowers. Where would you so soon go to learn taste, grace and gentleness, as to the tender plants of the garden? The rudest nature would hardly be rude to delicate flowers.

And then how natural for us, when we

see them surrounding the dwelling-house, or climbing on its walls, or peering through its casements, to associate them with taste, elegance and grace within. Whenever we see them thus domesticated, however humble the dwelling, we can never regard it with disdain, or class it with its fellow opposite, inhabited by no such smiling tenants.

And then plants seem so domestic, so part of the family, so like to children, have so many little wants, demand so much care, and then pay in a way so peculiarly their own, with budding promises and blushing smiles. How many of the sick and lonely have they cheered and solaced in their weary hours of confinement! To how many have they been as dear companions and chosen friends! There is hardly anything that will light up a sick-room like them, or lend such a charm to scenes otherwise rude and dreary. Of all still life they probably twine themselves the most closely around the human heart, and awaken the strongest attachments.

Ready-Made Clothes for Women.

BY LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

WHEN Paris ruled the world in the matter of dress there was no need of enterprise at home, because foreign patterns ranked high in favor, and because anything peculiarly American was considered "nobby."

But the success of the German arms placed Paris a year behind in the matter of dress, and gave this country a chance to lead the fashions, and to show the world what dresses should be made of and how. Our milliners and mantua-makers have taken business into their own hands, and are surprising even themselves with the variety and beauty of their designs. Yet greater success awaits them, and if the opportunity is rightly used they will firmly establish themselves as the fashion-makers of the world.

With this power comes a still greater responsibility, and it remains to be seen whether or no the modistes are prepared to accept the situation. We have been the slaves of fashion long enough; let it serve us now. We have inflicted pain, disease and deformity in order to conscientiously obey its behests. Let us now, in the light of the perfect day, see to it that American women escape from the shambles, and from the pernicious effects of bad fashions in dress. Certainly it is not wrong to study taste and beauty in the selection and arrangement of clothing, and it is our duty to be at all times as sweetly and becomingly dressed as possible.

But women are beginning to feel the importance of having a system by which they can dress comfortably and with as little trouble as men. They want the facilities and actual blessings afforded by clothiers, and all the perfect details of a plan as complete and admirable as men have adopted. They enter a store, fit themselves to a suit, go their way, and forget that the pleasant

duty has been performed. It takes little time and less trouble for a gentleman to purchase his attire, and in any emergency that may arise he can fit himself to a suit at an hour's notice. To women the dressing task is herculean. The choice and selection of materials, and the trimmings, and the dressmaker; the wear and tear and weariness and disgust of the purchase, after a day's tramp through the stores of a city, furnish subjects for an hour's lecture.

I have no desire to preach on the follies of the old-time abomination of shopping. The very word savors of hard toil, poor gossip, loss of time, intellectual and spiritual demoralization. What woman ever felt better after a day's worry through the shops and stores of the town, or respected herself the more for a labor she felt it due herself and society to perform? To women of culture and refinement nothing can be more distasteful than the weary and vexatious routine of a day's shopping, and the disagreeableness of personal visits to the "leading mantua-maker" of the town.

The fashion of having clothes for women for sale at stores, where ladies can purchase an entire suit of the most approved materials, and made in the best manner at a reasonable price, would prove an unspeakable blessing, and its advent would mark an era in the history of woman's emancipation.

The clothes-trade is but half developed as yet, and will not be complete until there are houses devoted to the sale of ladies' and childrens' dresses, just as there are to mens' and boys' clothing. New York to-day needs such establishments for women as Baldwin's has proved to be for men—a great clothing centre where the highest and the lowest, the richest and the poorest, can be suited, each person entering the establishment finding exactly what he wants at reasonable terms in some of those immense sales of goods.

But who is to develop this rich mine of convenience and comfort for women? A few merchants have attempted this business in a half-way fashion; but usually the ready-made garments are poorly constructed and badly arranged, and the facilities for displaying and fitting such goods, even in the best establishments, are abominable.

Up four or five flights, or perhaps down to the basement, the purchaser is sent, and in the corner of a store filled with customers and clerks, or perhaps in a dark box, cleft a dressing-room, the purchaser is asked to try on the fittingless garment and be pleased with a suit wholly unsuited to her in every particular.

Perhaps Mr. Baldwin himself would be willing to confer this inestimable boon upon women, by opening a store where all that immense number of ladies who are too busy to attend to the business of dress-making may obtain what they need at reasonable prices. Would he keep cheap suits made of the most serviceable materials, good suits for all occasions, dress-suits and dinner-suits, a vast number of sensible but

overburdened women would rise up and call him blessed, and show their appreciation of his philanthropic enterprise by their patronage. Whoever successfully initiates this movement will be recognized as the friend of the over-dressed and badly-dressed American women of to-day.

The Looks of Literary Women.

VERY intellectual women are seldom beautiful; their features and particularly their foreheads are more or less masculine. But there are exceptions to all rules, and Miss Landon was an exception to this one. She was exceedingly feminine and pretty.

Mrs. Stanton likewise is an exceedingly handsome woman, but Miss Anthony and Mrs. Livermore are both plain. Maria and Jane Porter were women of high brows and irregular features, as was also Miss Sedgwick. Anna Dickinson has a strong masculine face; Kate Field has a good-looking though by no means pretty one, and Mrs. Stowe is thought positively homely.

Alice and Phoebe Cary were plain in features, though their sweetness of disposition added greatly to their personal appearance. Margaret Fuller had a splendid head, but her features were irregular and she was anything but handsome, though sometimes in the glow of conversation she appeared almost radiant. Charlotte Bronte had wondrously beautiful dark-brown eyes, and a perfectly shaped head. She was small to diminutiveness, and was as simple in her manner as a child.

Julia Ward Howe is a fine-looking woman, wearing an aspect of grace and refinement and great force of character in her face and carriage. Olive Logan is anything but handsome in person, though gay and attractive in conversation. Laura Holloway resembles Charlotte Bronte both in personal appearance and in the sad experiences of her young life. Neither Mary Booth nor Marion Harland can lay claim to handsome faces, though they are splendid specimens of cultured women, while Mary Clemmer Ames is just as pleasing in features as her writings are graceful and popular.

ACCORDING to Grace Greenwood, the much-married Mormons bear their yoke very patiently and really enjoy the trials of their lot. The men she has met, mostly leaders in the Church and prominent citizens, look remarkably care-free and even jolly under the cross. Virgil uses the expression, "O, three times and four times happy!" Well, that is the way they look. Which is something well worth the consideration of our careworn, sorry-looking, prematurely old, young bachelors.

If man or woman wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes; by having something to do and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—*Up-ham.*

Lillie Peckham.

BY REV. PHERE A. HANAFORD.

A SWIFT farewell was thine!—a sudden shock,
The news that thou hadst sped
With the death-angel o'er the solemn sea;
But still thou art not dead,
And in our hearts the precious thought is stored—
Still for the Right may speed her earnest word.

Thy name, enrolled with those who toil for Truth,
Hath gained immortal place,
And with the faithful Memory shall bring
Thy sweet and gentle face;
And when the work to thy young heart so dear
Is nobly finished, thou wilt then be here—

From the far heavens, where truth and joy are one,
Thou wilt return, to hear
The shout, that from the worn ranks of Reform
Shall tell of victory dear,
Won by true lives, though short like thine below,
Or long as hers whose saintly face we know.

Then every woman true with added power,
Enfranchised and thus blest,
Shall wield a sceptre in the snowy fall
Of ballots, at behest
Of Truth and Love, with scorn for lawless Might,
Battling, as women, valiant for the Right.

And thou wilt smile; thou, by thy death enthroned
Above the surge of strife;
Smile to behold the triumph of that cause
So dear to thee in life;
And we shall bear thee tenderly along
In memory, till that hour of Miriam-song.

Some day we, too, shall cross the rolling tide
And clasp thy hand again,
Hear the sweet ripple of thy laugh once more,
And lose the thought of pain
Which bids us mourn the thinning ranks of those
Who seek for woman's freedom from her woes.

This must we do, oh, follow-workers! now—
Take up the ark laid down
By her whom angels claimed, for whose fair brow
They brought the fadeless crown,
And bear it on with courage high and strong,
Till our glad victor-shouts meet her triumphant song.
19 HOME PLACE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE *Saturday Review* says there is no reason in the world that good conversation should be so rare as it is in England, but, as every mistress of a *salon* in France knows, good talk does not come by accident. We puzzle ourselves, as we listen to the ceaseless gabble of girls on a "call," how any human beings can have fallen into such vacuous imbecility; but the secret of it lies at home. An Englishwoman learns to dress, to dance, or to ride, but she picks up the art of conversation as she can. When the need for talk comes, she finds that conversation is just as difficult an art as that of riding, or dressing, or dancing. She is too plucky to give in, and too shy to hold her tongue, and so she plunges into a goose-like gabble. Men and women will only learn really to converse when conversation, in the true sense of the word, is familiar to them at home. But to converse—in other words, to find fresh subjects and treat them freshly; to preserve a tone of lightness and ease without falling into frivolity; to know how to avoid mere discussion and controversy, and yet to deal with topics of real interest and value; to perceive when a theme is socially exhausted, and when the moment has come for a digression; how to check one member of the circle, or to draw out the other; how to give their proper place even to jest and repartee—all this is no easy matter.

THE best way to train a child in the way he should go is to go that way occasionally yourself,

Fine Pictures.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

It was during the war, and as the music began, there rose before my eyes the distant, invulnerable hills, feathered with evergreen woods, and wearing torrents upon their bosoms, like gems. It showed a fresh, sparkling day, with bursts of sunlight through softly tumbled masses of white cloud, rolled about by a swelling breeze that yet had no harsh or biting quality, but seemed idly fingering the harmonious chords of the universe. Ever and anon there came fine, shrill elfin voices, echoing from peak to peak, and no small flower shadow or beaded dew-drop was wanting. I smelt the breath of great beds of sweet fern, as the wind blew over them, mingled with the pungency of pine and hemlock, and that fine, wild flavor which belongs to mountain solitudes. The ash waved its plummy head far up the steep, where huge masses of grey rock lay loosely tumbled about, as if some Thor hammer had splintered a boulder, and between grew sumachs and spiral arbor vites, from a carpet of finest moss, speckled with divers shades of enchanting beauty, as the sun mixed and wove its light through the tree foliage.

There came a change. The brazen-throated instruments and twanging violins wove a new spell. I saw a city welcoming home our victorious army on a day of sunshine, when banners were waving from house-top, window and balcony, when the streets were spanned by triumphal arches, and victor crowns of immortal green seemed descending from heaven. A great tide swept the people out of their homes into the streets. It was a day when old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, happy and miserable, even the vicious and depraved, were fused and melted into one by a proud and sacred emotion.

They come! they come! The banners wave in a fine air, as if from the vibrating of beating hearts. There is a stir in the closely-packed masses, a murmur, a deep undertone of feeling, like waves breaking sonorously upon the shore. The very walls seem to rock and lean forward. Motionless, breathless now, the mighty throng strains its ear to catch the distant notes of music.

Yes, there they come. God bless our glorious brave boys in their faded blue! The band is playing on before, that has so often led them into battle, no quickstep, no march, no victorious strain, but "Home, sweet Home." How the hot blinding tears rain down our faces, blotting out the street and close-pressed throng. We are thinking of those who come not back, who see not the opening vista of home with eager arms extended to receive them. Their hearts beat not with the rapture of this hour. Cold and motionless, they lie in strait graves. Their ears are dull to these rejoicings; their valorous right arms are stilled. Where the rush and whirl and fury of the battle raged, they rest in dreamless quiet. Where they

fought they fell, piled in the trenches, and covered by earth steeped in gore.

But now the living heroes come. Old men with bleared vision lean forward on their staves, with their white locks fluttering in the wind, to catch the earliest glimpse of the column that winds, sinuous and slow, amid the ringing cheers of the people. With wild huzzas the welkin rings. Mothers, in a frenzy of enthusiasm, hold up their little ones to view the glorious, dusty, toil-stained victors, covered with wounds and immortality, who have at the risk of life assured to them freedom and peace. Innocent maiden hands are raised to bless them. Strong men are sobbing out their thanks and prayers, calling on heaven to reward our noble soldiers.

Now the scene changes to an arena of the soul itself, made of love and despair, hopes, fears, doubts, aspirations, longings. It is life; it is a great ocean that seems to encircle consciousness, flowing in and out of every bay, channel, strait and estuary of being. This is flood tide. The little point on which I stand is devoured by the waves; they crawl to my feet. The next surge bears me out. The vast immensity vibrates like a pendulum, rocking me up and down on the bosom of livid waves, with green lights fringed by filmy lightnings. Like a gray bank against a gray sky reposes the far-off shore of time. The ether is a sounding bell full of tones, in which I mount and fall on the crest of the ocean of eternity.

The music changes to heart-breaking mournfulness, and, like a spirit cleaving the purple spaces of sunset, with a golden glow in the West, I descend a spiral that seems a long-drawn musical tone winding from heaven to earth, and softly lodge in the branches of some great pines, at the rear of Gravelly Run Church, Virginia. Right above my head gleams the evening star, large and luminous, revealing the prostrate form of a wounded soldier, lying in the shade of the black branches, upon a carpet of fallen leaves. Slowly the blood is pulsing from his heart, through a mortal wound. He lies upon his side, in perfect possession of his senses, knowing he is past hope. Something like a smile rests on his pallid lips; he is listening to the evening breeze, as it blows from off the battle-field. The death chill creeps up from his feet. He sees Mary and the children in the little red farm-house, with straggling garden front and rear, and the blue crown of Mt. Tom, like a guardian angel in the distance.

It is supper time. Mary is at the window, looking up towards the glittering star, and thinking of her dearly-loved soldier boy.

"Next month, Willie's time will be out," she says to herself, with a glad, fast-beating heart, and her soul sings "next month," as she draws out the little table, and spreads a clean, brown cloth, and sets forth the simple fare, mugs of milk for the children and coarse bread. The Stars and Stripes depend against the white-washed wall, and under the dear old flag hangs a photograph of Willie, taken in his proud soldier uniform.

The children, two little tow-heads and one jet black, scamper in from their play. Baby is taken out of the cradle, and held in mother's lap. The little ones climb into their places; but one chair is left vacant—father's chair—that always stands in the old place. "Hush," says Mary softly, and, with her hand upon the baby's downy head, she reverently repeats a blessing: "O Lord, make us thankful for thy daily mercies, and, while we eat of the bread thy hand bestows, give us pure and humble hearts. Amen."

"I wonder where father is to-night," says Ben, the eldest boy.

Mary's eyes grow moist as she thinks perhaps he is tramping along on a cold march, supperless and hungry. But soon a tender, happy glow overspreads her face. "Children," she says, "father's time is almost out. We shall have him home again." Sturdy little Ben cannot resist cheering, because father's time is almost out, and the others join in, even the baby with a crow, looking bright-eyed and eager—the baby Willie has never seen.

Willie's time is almost out. A cold, creeping wind blows down the chimney. Mary turns shuddering, she knows not why; but there is the resplendent star beaming above her, and the night wind is always sad.

The dying man back of Gravelly Run Church hears it in the tree-tops sighing fainter and fainter. He feels the life drops ebbing away through his lax fingers. Gradually, the old red farm-house, the luminous kitchen wall, with its little, unconscious group, fade out of his loving vision. He prays with all his strength for Mary and the children, while angels draw near, and breathe in tenderest tones, "Time is out; awake to the life we call Eternity."

It was a dream perhaps, and when I awoke, the people were leaving the concert hall.

Winter Cloaks.

JENNIE JUNE, who is one of the best of fashion writers as well as one of the most sensible of women, says no suit can be made warm enough for the rigors of this climate at the North, and unless one can afford the magnificence of an independent black velvet polonaise, with the quilted silk lining and rich trimming, there has been nothing but a water-proof or a blanket shawl between women and freezing.

This winter it seems probable that this great want will be supplied. Several models of a winter pelisse in tricôt and broadcloth have been exhibited, which seem to combine all the requisites, and ought to receive attention and favor. The pattern is cut long, and so as closely to define the figure, although loose enough to be put on with comfort over a dress. It may be double or single breasted, and made with or without one or more palerine capes. The capes are not lined; they are out of single cloth, the prettiest pinked out upon the edge. For slender persons, one seam and a large plait at the

back in the skirt are sufficient; but for stouter and more matronly ladies, rich single plaits, which give three seams at the back, will be found more becoming to the figure. A pelisse of cypress green cloth, worn over a single dress skirt, with an all black hat of velvet and feathers, is as handsome and ladylike a costume as any woman need want.

Water-proof cloaks are now made almost uniformly as long sacques, closed down the front with sleeves and large talma capes. They are by far the most comfortable and useful style, as they allow the free use of the arms, and are, at the same time, perfectly protective. More dressy and as useful wraps are made in the same way of Scotch wool, checked in two colors, black and white, purple and white, scarlet and white, and the like. These latter are particularly pretty worn over gray travelling dresses.

Opera cloaks are richly embroidered this season in black, or colors upon white, in white upon scarlet, in gold or white upon black. Opera dressing is becoming as elaborate as it was before the war, although "full" dress—that is, bare necks—are, thanks to an innate sense of propriety in the natural, unperverted American woman, rarely seen.

Arria.

MR. LECKY, in his History of Morals, instances Arria, the wife of the Roman senator, as perhaps the noblest example of womanly devotion and heroism on record. The following slight sketch taken from Mrs. Child's new book, "Married Women," may prove interesting:

Pœtus, a senator of Padua in the reign of Claudius, being accused of treason, escaped from Rome, accompanied by his wife, who was devotedly attached to him. Their place of retreat was discovered, and ruin seemed inevitable. Arria met this painful crisis with firmness, only entreating that she might be permitted to share her husband's fate. It was not until this request was refused that she gave way to tears. When the officers of justice absolutely forbade her to accompany Pœtus, and when she found all her efforts to excite compassion entirely fruitless, then indeed her misery knew no bounds. But her resolution did not forsake her. She offered a large sum of money to the owners of a fishing-boat, if they would take her on board and follow the vessel that contained her husband. Tempted by the promised reward, the fishermen consented to her proposition, and conveyed her safely to Rome. The senate, admiring her energy and strong affection, consented that she should be her husband's companion in prison. Here she gave way to no useless expressions of sorrow, but exerted herself to the utmost to support his spirits and enliven his solitude by her own cheerful fortitude.

When at last no hope of pardon remained she urged him to avoid the ignominy of

public execution by suicide. The advice was in accordance with the blind courage of those ancient times when the light of the Gospel was just dawning, and men had not learned the duty of perfect resignation to the will of God; but Pœtus, reluctant to part from his beloved, and perhaps still clinging to some faint hope of deliverance, resisted her entreaties; finding her arguments ineffectual, she drew a dagger from her robe and plunged it into her heart; then offering the weapon to her husband, with a gentle smile, she said, 'It pains not, my Pœtus.'

Existence had now no value for the unhappy man—with one desperate stroke his spirit followed hers.

Sonnet.

Of Love's innumerable constellations:

These lips once quivered at a maiden's kiss,
That now must tremble at the tyrant hiss,
The steam-engine approach, of hostile nations
Of gad-flies of remorse that take their stations
Upon the neck and shoulders of a man
Bare for the torment, where each stinger can,
Each to pursue his noisome occupations;
Once we were free from these—free as a child
Who, having wandered from his mother's arms,
Plucks flower and flower, ignorant of harms
In any, till with voice and gesture mild
She calls him back, and soon his eyes have smiled
Themselves to sleep, forgetful of alarms.

GEORGE BARLOW.

What the Germans Think.

THE *Free-thinker*, a German magazine published in this city, recently had a strong and suggestive article on Woman's Rights, which is of special interest as it indicates the direction of thought on this subject among advanced German minds. Its word, freely translated, is:

Do not say that the female sex is not ripe for enfranchisement; that such an acknowledgment comes precipitately. It cannot come too soon. Slavery has lasted too long. Woman, instead of being forced from her sphere, will but learn to comprehend and value the sphere of true womanliness; suppression and superstition up to the present day have made woman but a mere caricature of what she ought to become. Do not forbid her any longer to eat the fruit from the tree of knowledge, and her eyes will be opened, and she will stay in her exalted sphere and draw men up to her. Woman, being more closely united with the mysterious working of nature, lives already with the coming human being, before it yet beholds the light. She rises through her faith of love and genuine womanliness, from the cold reality to the ideal with greater surety than man, so that we must suppose that in the more delicate, beauteous fabric of her body also a finer development of the cerebral functions renders her more capable to touch the tender strings of the human heart and to surpass the more matter-of-fact man in the poetry of life.

The true and principal destiny of woman is love. Without man woman does not live, she only vegetates. Without love she de-

teriorates and withers away. And to assert that these wonderful organisms with the inexhaustible treasures of sympathy should be designed to separate themselves, to shut themselves up, to wear a garment made of hair—never! One must be insane, an enemy of mankind, to make such an assertion. Woman is not intended by nature for a nun, nor for penitence and prayer. Love is the calling, the destiny of every woman; and therefore to rescue her from this destiny, means to cripple her.

We believe that the emancipation of woman cannot be any longer delayed or denied. The results will be developing themselves only by degrees, but the necessary consequence must be the welfare and progress of humanity. It is absurd to fear that the emancipation of woman will alienate her from her domestic duties. A good mother and wife cannot but become a better mother and wife by enlarging her ideas, by obtaining a greater self-dependence; and to the unmarried of the sex the road to self-activity, the possibility of acquiring a complete independence in all branches of human activity, unrestrained in the competition with the "strong" sex, must not only be opened, but made smoother. We do not say that woman should aspire to all the activities of man, but only to the free choice of that work which corresponds with the capacities of her sex, as well in the division of work as in a common partnership in labor.

Blessings.

To take a simple pleasure in the world
Which God hath made so good;
To let the cup of sorrow o'erflow,
And brighten every mood;

To wander, with a mind strained free from care,
Through Autumn's tinted ways;
And find an untold wealth in burnished woods,
Blue skies and tranquil days;

To seek the mossy path and ferny dell
For medicine of soul;
To go forth sad, dejected, bowed and gray,
Returning sound and whole;

To know yourself a different being when
The foot hath pressed the sod,
Better and kinder to your fellow men,
And nearer unto God—

Are Nature's blessings, which her lover's heart
Shall never cease to feel:
No sad satiety waits on her joys,
But spirit health and weal. Lais.

CHARLES G. AMES, the California lecturer, does not see how polygamy can exist at all, except in a community where woman feels herself inferior to man, and is held inferior by man. If woman is man's accepted equal, and feels herself an equal, then one woman is a fair match for one man, and she will furnish satisfactory and rational companionship for him, as he for her.

Is it a case of conscience to give a thieving or intemperate servant a character that would honor an angel?

It is not an iron rule over men but the Golden Rule in them that is to reform the world.

Words and Works.

BARQUE waists are much worn.

LACE is worn on black cashmeres.

GIVING to Chicago is lending to the Lord.

BOYS are naturally gallant and girls are buoyant.

THE blind naturally prefer to live on the seaside.

JEAN INGELow gave \$100 to the Chicago Relief Fund.

BLACK is the fashionable color in Paris this season.

THE best recipe for getting engaged is to be engaging.

MRS. CRAIK has written a new novel entitled "Hannah."

QUEEN VICTORIA's fortune is estimated at \$35,000,000.

Is it strange that so many alder-men are wooden-heads?

PARIFA has lost \$50,000 which she had invested in Chicago.

It is a scientific fact that the sun does not rest on his beams.

MRS. CHARLES MOULTON has achieved a brilliant success as a singer.

WHY should not modern women go to sea, when Lot's wife was an old salt?

INDIVIDUALITY in dress is said to be the rarest and cheapest thing in the world.

SWIMMING is an almost universal accomplishment of the young ladies in Sweden.

A COOK refused a widower on the ground that she did not like love warmed over.

PRINCESS SALM-SALM is governess of the daughters of Charles Frederick, the Prussian Prince.

"HAPPY the bride that the sun shines on," is an old proverb. But what if she is married by gas-light?

WHEN a girl is asked to share a man's lot, there is no impropriety in her asking how large the "lot" is.

THE gentleman who offered a thousand dollars for the privilege of hearing Mlle. Nilsson sing was deaf.

MRS. DICKS, of Boston, celebrated her centenary October 14 in excellent health and most cheerful spirits.

IN the character of "Meg Merriles" Charlotte Cushman has surpassed all competitors, and excelled herself.

Who shall say there is nothing in a name, since Lucretia Borgia was arrested in this city the other day for larceny?

A LITTLE girl returned from an unsuccessful search for eggs saying "there were lots of hens standing about doing nothing."

MRS. JANE G. SWINSELMAN has abandoned the editorial profession, having become pastor of a Baptist society in Pennsylvania.

"What can tempt you to neglect your own sister so much, Edward?" "Nothing, Mary, but the sister of my friend Jones."

MRS. STOWE is writing a sequel to "My Wife and I." Which is a perfectly natural and proper thing for a husband and wife to have.

JUDGE STOKER, of the Superior Court, has decided that a woman has a right to recover dam-

ages for the enticing away and harboring of her husband.

CHICKENS are like bells, because their necks are wrung for dinner. But why are they like belles? Because they are dressed for dinner, of course.

THE extensive woman who plaintively asked her spouse if she was not a little pail, was coolly informed that she more nearly resembled a large tub.

RUTH PAINTER, a young Welsh lady, recently arrived in this country, is a regularly licensed Congregationalist preacher, and is engaged to preach in Minnesota.

WHEN a Chinese woman is asked how many children she has, she gives only the number of the boys. She considers the girls of no consequence unless they are betrothed.

A WOMAN, wise in her way, says: "I never dress much for the play, because every one is looking at the play, but no one is more particular about their dress at church."

THE woman who said the latest thing out was her husband, was answered by her neighbor, who remarked that her husband always came home early—before any one was up.

MRS. EFFIE WEBSTER, of Marshalltown, Iowa, author, of "Diamond Cut Diamond," and other popular stories, has given a lecture on "Ourselves" in several places with great success.

SOME of our ladies have introduced the Paris fashion of not allowing their daughters to walk out unless accompanied by a maid. There is need enough of such precaution in this city.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie met with a very cold reception in Madrid: the papers have adorned the fact with the statement that she was dressed very plainly and without a single ornament.

MISS MIRIAM COLE, author of "Rutledge," "The Sutherlands," and other novels, has become Mrs. Sidney S. Harris, of New York, and will shortly appear in print with a new story, entitled "Richard Vandermark."

THE Ladies' Art Association in this city is arranging a class in drawing and painting to meet every Saturday. Those who wish to join can obtain all desired information of Miss E. C. Field at her studio, 65 East Tenth street.

A CALIFORNIA woman, with a fortune of half a million, has married a "heathen Chinese." It was probably a missionary operation on her part, done solely for his conversion, and will doubtless be followed by repentance—on her part if not on his.

MISS LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, in her new lecture on Modern Heroism, says that it requires as much courage for a woman to avow herself in favor of woman suffrage when in the midst of a fashionable assembly, as it does for a man to command a battery.

MISS PARKHURST, of Newburgh, receives young lady pupils into her family and teaches them domestic economy, both theoretically and practically, as well as the studies usually taught in schools. Which will do for the girls what too many mothers neglect or are unable to do for them.

MRS. ANNA HARRIETTE LECNOWENS, the "English Governess at the court of Siam," whose contributions are familiar to the readers of the *Atlantic*, has given two lectures in Brooklyn, both of which are highly spoken of. The subject of one of her lectures is the "Empire of Siam and the

City of the Veiled Lady." She treats her themes with unusual intelligence, and speaks with equal distinctness and grace.

THE wits make merry over the misspelled and misspunctuated note once read in church: "A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation." But if they could hear the notes of some wives when their husbands come to see them, their hilarity would be turned into heaviness.

AN Australian servant-girl has just received a title and a property of £49,000, under the name of Lady Elizabeth Morton, and everybody has begun to discover what a wonderfully beautiful, bright, fascinating creature she is. There is nothing that will open people's eyes like money, unless it be the want of it.

THE proper name for a printer's wife is Em; for a sport's wife, Bet-ty; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a teamster's wife, Carrie; for a fisherman's wife, Net-ty; for a shoemaker's wife, Peg-gy; for a carpetman's wife, Mat-tie; for an auctioneer's wife, Bid-dy; for a chemist's wife, Ann Eliza; for an engineer's wife, Bridge-it.

THE education of women is receiving the attention of Italian ladies, several of whom have devoted their time to giving lectures with a view to its improvement. In Milan a course of scientific and literary conferences has been inaugurated by Signora Torriani, at which ladies have delivered addresses on matters connected with female education.

KING AMADEUS asked Eugenie what honors she wished to receive in Spain, to which she replied that she desired to travel in the strictest privacy. Her adversities, she added, had made her indifferent to pomp and ceremony. She returned to Spain as an unfortunate woman, anxious to see once more the land of her birth, where she had been so happy.

THE papers say that Anna Dickinson has received over \$80,000 for lecturing since 1860. Which improbable story we shall believe when Miss Dickinson gives authority for it. The publication of such fictions makes hundreds of poor women feel more miserable in their lot, and leads hundreds more, who have nothing to say, to try to get a hearing from the platform.

ROBERT COLLYER lost most of his sermons in the Chicago fire. He was saving some pet pictures for his little girl, and forgot he had any sermons. In St. Louis he met a lady who had twenty which he had loaned to her, and he had forgotten she had them. He begged her, in his queer way, to be sure and send them to him and not let them get into the hands of the Relief Committee, because then they would be distributed to the poor!

AN English family advertises for the assistance of a kind, judicious lady, used to girls, and accustomed to apply the birch-rod. Which shows that the old-fashioned notions of discipline still prevail in England. Almost every English paper we take up contains an account of wife-beating by bad-tempered, intoxicated or brutal husbands. From which it would seem that the application of the birch-rod to girls is merely a preparation for what they may have to endure in after life.

MADAME DUDEVANT (George Sand) has published the journal she kept during the late war. It is full of interest, as all her writings are. Among other things she tells of the sleeplessness which afflicted the people who were kept in a state of constant fear bordering on alarm, and relates that Aurora, her little granddaughter,

bearing the older people say that everything precious would be hidden, passed the day in hiding her dolls. She did not understand that the terrible Prussians did not want dolls but dollars.

Mrs. STANTON recently lectured in Tremont Temple, Boston, to a large audience, on Woman Suffrage, which she advocated with new arguments and telling illustrations. She has more faith in politicians and party organizations than we have, and still adheres to the notion that the Democrats will do more for Woman's enfranchisement than the Republicans. Which may be. But neither will do the first thing for it until it becomes popular with the people, when both parties will do anything in their power to further the cause.

GEORGE SAND is printing in *Le Temps* some portions of her journal written between the close of her autobiography twenty years ago and the present time. She says:—"I am so ingenious as to write every evening, sometimes in a few lines, sometimes at length, the history of my day. This has for twenty years been my habit. It does not follow that this journal deserves ever to see the light; I do not even know if any pages of it be worth printing. I find it insipid for any person but myself. It is like a ship's log, for we lead a domestic life, nearly always in the country, which is very much like life on a ship laying to."

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN says the literary claims of George Sand unite and complement the traits and triumphs of the novelistic art, for we are as much charmed by her sense as her sentiment, her picturesqueness as her sympathy, her psychological as her pictorial skill; by the outline as by the atmosphere of her story, by the originality as by the human truth of her characters, by her satire as by her pathos, by her method as by her style; that is, one or other of these elements of fiction continually rises to our minds in peerless force or beauty, until we know and feel the creative, complete, and harmonious presence and power of a great artist.

JENNIE REAM is at work upon a heroic bust of Admiral Farragut, under the patronage of Mrs. Farragut, who takes much interest in it. She also has put upon the stand a statue of Rip Van Winkle, just as he returns to the village of Falling Water after his long sleep, ragged and bewildered. She does not give a portrait of Jefferson, but works out her own ideal. Miss Ream has a large autograph book of those who have visited her. At the top of one page is the signature of Frederick Douglass, and at the foot of the same page is the signature of R. E. Lee.

THE following extract from a letter of a young lady to her betrothed gives a vivid insight into the condition of things in Chicago immediately after the great fire:—"I am very glad you did not come to this city when you intended, for then you would be as the rest of us, half scared to death. Father was up at the time and saved two suits of clothes—the one he had on and another—but we, that is, Ma, Jeanette and I, were less lucky. You would be surprised to see me the morning after we were driven out of the house, with a pair of Jim's old pants on, one slipper, one shoe, and a waterproof cloak. This was, indeed, my complete outfit, and it was not till yesterday that I received some other clothes from my cousin Mary, who sent them from Cincinnati. That would have made a splendid wedding suit, wouldn't it?"

In the recent Social Science Congress in England women took an active and important part. Miss Carpenter read a valuable paper on the best method of providing for neglected and destitute children. Her essay was criticised by several gentlemen, who objected to her suggestions that meals should be given the pupils of the charity industrial schools, while others favored the proposal. At the close of the discussion she made a most effective reply. Mrs. Grey and Miss Garney contributed papers on improving the education of girls. Mrs. Grey urged the importance of an improved and more varied education for women, and explained that she wanted higher education for women, not for the purpose of making them independent of men, but for the purpose of making them more useful, agreeable and intellectual companions of them. In the discussion which ensued Miss Emily Davies and Miss Isabella Tod took part, with others.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY writes from Portland, Oregon, that that new and beautiful State needs a large emigration of sensible, industrious women. She has not been in a town in which a good hotel, or even an excellent boarding-house of the New England species, might not make a fortune. Outside of Salem and Portland, she has not been in a hotel deserving the name. A colony of good cooks would find plenty of hungry mouths with recollections of Eastern dinners sharpening their appetites. She finds Oregon a splendid State, raising the finest wheat and wool, and with plenty of fruit of the finest flavor. She was just starting on a trip to Olympia, Washington Territory, and thence to Victoria, Canada, from which place it is her intention to return by stage, speaking at all the important places on the way. Miss Anthony has indomitable energy, and her supreme devotion to the interests of her sex entitles her to the highest respect.

JENNIE JUNE says it would be laughable, if it were not so sad and pitiful, to note the general helplessness and utter dependence of women upon authority for what they shall wear. Such an idea as that they have judgment and taste of their own, that they know best just what would suit their needs and circumstances, and that they have as much right and are as capable of setting a fashion as many of those who do it, never seems to enter their minds. It may be said that a quiet and obscure woman who should try to be original would only be thought eccentric, and that it requires a more public and commanding position to enable women to "set" fashion. This is true in part, but not wholly. A modest, sensible dress, adapted to the wants and means of the wearer, never does look eccentric, while a "fashion" badly imitated and out of harmony with its surroundings strikes one frequently with a sense of gross absurdity.

Mrs. BINGHAM, a Western writer of considerable mark, thinks that women are rendered safer and happier and more useful by the possession of knowledge that is not usually considered imperative—knowledge of affairs. She tells of three such women, all of whom achieved success by means of such knowledge. One of them was marked out for one of the queens of society. She was a model of courage, self-possession, tact, penetration and energy. She had a fine organization and a vigorous constitution. She was of a commanding presence and so attractive as to be unconsciously conspicuous in any circle. Her father and husband were mer-

chants. From them, and with them, she gained an accurate knowledge of business, interesting herself in all its details and proving herself a valuable assistant. Her husband died suddenly, but she was able to continue his work without loss or interruption, and to give their children all the advantages he had hoped to give them.

GRACE GREENWOOD writes that it is a consolation while looking at the pleasant, home-like places in Utah to remember that not more than one-tenth part of the people of Utah are polygamists. It is also something to know that, even among the poorest, the different wives do not live actually together. Each has a house, or half a house, or a set of apartments to herself. She was assured, though, that the second wife is seldom taken without the full consent of the first. Not only are the poor woman's religious faith and zeal appealed to, but her magnanimity toward her sister-woman out in the cold. It must be through great suffering that such heights of self-abnegation are reached. The crucifixion of the divine weakness of a loving woman's heart must be a severe process. But there is some sorry comfort in the thought that for these poor polygamous wives there is no wearing uncertainty, no feverish anxiety—that they are spared the bitterest pain of jealousy, the vague, nightmare torture of suspicion, the grief and horror of the final discovery, the fierce sense of treachery and deception. They know the worst.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY, who is writing on American Women for the *Evening Mail*, was the first graduate from our Woman's Medical College, and has had an extensive professional experience since. Moreover she is an artist as well as a physician, and partly paid for her medical education by the use of her pencil. Then she writes with great directness and nervous energy, and one of her novels was received with public favor. Though she is a devoted friend of her sex, and has done all in her power for the relief and improvement of women, she is opposed to women suffrage. Yet, strange as the paradox may seem, she is a very sensible woman as well as a very smart one. Her case is an anomaly, certainly; but exceptions prove the rule. She cannot agree with the writer who says "we find ourselves to-day with a whole nation of feeble women, who are to be the mothers of the coming generations; we find that this serious defect in the physique of women is one of the great obstacles to be overcome in the process of their elevation, in the solution of the labor and other problems." And she asks: Where are these feeble women? I find great numbers of delicate-looking women everywhere who rush through life at a pace that would soon kill a race-horse; whose nervous energy sustains them for a certain number of years while they "burn the candle at both ends;" who drink the stimulus of ambition daily and nightly; who are each resolved to let no one outdo or outshine them, while they every day perform an amount of labor which proves them to be the reverse of "feeble;" and each one, when she sinks and dies exhausted, or is laid aside a confirmed invalid at middle age, having lived out but half her days, will be found to have compressed work enough and experience enough into her thirty-five or forty years to have satisfied three sensible people during long lifetimes. If our American women would not live so fast and go through life in such a hurry-scurry, worrying way, the majority of them would be healthy and strong.

THE REVOLUTION.

W. T. CLARKE, Editor.

This Journal is devoted to the interests of Woman and Home Culture. Items of intelligence, articles and communications are solicited. Contributions must be short, pointed and important, and invariably addressed to the Editor. Articles will be returned when requested, if the postage is inclosed. Terms: **THREE DOLLARS** per year, payable in advance. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Orders, Bank Checks or Drafts, or Registered Letters. Papers are forwarded until ordered discontinued, and all arrearages paid, as required by law. In writing on business, always give the name of post-office and State. Address,

Publisher of THE REVOLUTION,
Box 6711, New York City.
American News Company Sole News Agents.

R. H. HALL, Printer.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

OUR letters from all over the country are most flattering. Our old subscribers are sending in their renewals, and new ones pouring in upon us in good numbers. Every cent received shall be expended upon the paper itself, in making it larger, better and more attractive, and our subscribers will thus have it all their own way, and get all they pay back again. We have received several letters from warm friends of the cause offering to send on money, some of them as high as \$100, "to help on the cause." Not a bit of it, ladies. Not one cent will be accepted in this way. Send on plenty of new subscribers, pay us our just dues promptly, and we will make *THE REVOLUTION* one of the brightest and sprightliest journals published.

To the thousands of new names this number will reach, we send greeting, and say help yourselves and your friends and us by circulating the *REVOLUTION*. To our old patrons and time-tried friends, who have stood by us during the past year and before, we return our hearty thanks, and in a substantial form, as will be seen by consulting the first item on our first page this week.

The Utility of It.

SOME excellent people, who admit the right of women to the ballot on every principle of republicanism and of fair dealing, fail to see the use of woman suffrage. What is the use of woman's voting? they ask. What possible good can come from their meddling with politics, and dealing with the questionable measures and still more questionable characters which fill so large a place in political and public life?

Doubtless there are hundreds of good people who would engage heartily in the movement for woman's enfranchisement, if they saw that it would lead to any important results of benefit to society at large or to woman as a class. But they are staggered by the question, What is the use of woman's voting? One of the ablest arguments ever urged against woman suffrage is that of Dr. Hedge, who contends that giving the ballot to women will not benefit

the world one whit; because the ignorant and careless women will outnumber the intelligent and devoted, and the slums will outvote the respectable classes. Thousands of women who have no political convictions, will give their votes to the party which makes most pretensions or the candidates who pay the largest price.

A strong argument can be made on this point. But it is worth the while to notice that it concedes that woman suffrage will not make things worse than they are. This is a great point gained. In fact, things cannot be much worse than they are at present, in some places, under man suffrage. It is a great thing to admit that the proposed measure will not turn society upside down, and make the rivers flow backward to the sources on the summits of the hills. We have heard this so often, that it is a positive relief and indication of cheer to have the admission from the highest sources, that woman suffrage will change the relative strength of parties nor alter things for the worse.

The utility of the proposed measure inheres in the rightfulness of it. What is just is always useful. We may not always see exactly how the just thing is also the politic thing; but all experience demonstrates the fact that the two lines of policy and justice always converge to one focus. Men may think that honesty will destroy their business, that truth-telling will defeat their designs, that fair dealing will make shipwreck of their ventures. But in the long run of a lifetime, honesty and veracity always vindicate themselves as the only safe foundations for business success no less than of self-respect and honor. A measure of justice is a measure of utility, and must by the very laws of the universe eventuate in good. For, by the constitution of things, justice is an essential element of order, progress and good; the just and the useful are opposite aspects of the same thing, like the two faces on one coin.

Woman suffrage is a measure of justice. It is universally conceded that, so long as men have the right to the franchise simply because they are men and citizens, women are entitled to the same right in virtue of their humanity and citizenship. So long as they are persons who need protection and are amenable to the laws; so long as they hold property for which they are taxed; so long as they are subjects of the State into which they are born and of which they are an essential part—it is but the simplest justice that they should have the same rights, privileges and immunities as citizens and before the law as men claim and exercise. And the event will show that what justice demands utility will also claim and sanction.

The first use of woman suffrage will be to give the State the active interest of the great and increasing body of intelligent, noble-minded and humane women of the country. It will secure so much mind and virtue to the cause of order, progress and good government, to enlist the women of

the country in its service in such a way that their culture and virtue will tell upon its affairs. It will introduce a feminine element—a needed element of kindness, sympathy, humanity and refinement—into legislation and the administration of justice. It will reform many of the abuses and vices which afflict society to-day, and remove the terrible injustice from which so many women suffer, and erect a stronger barrier against crime than has ever been raised. It will bind the sexes more closely together, making them realize the identity of their interests and the necessity of their treating each other with respect as equals, while they do the utmost to promote each other's welfare. The welfare of either is the advantage of both, and the improvement of either is the benefit of humanity and the world.

These are magnificent utilities in and of themselves. But a still more important use of woman suffrage is the influence it will have upon women, by giving them a needed call to noble exertion, a needed object and motive for the highest culture, a needed channel for direct influence in the world, a needed power to protect their rights, a needed self-respect and dignity and incitement. It will give women something great to think of, something important to work and study for, a new field for the exercise of their hitherto undeveloped faculties, and a splendid invitation out of all the pettiness of their lot and the frivolities of fashion into the realm of uses, into the domain of ideas, into the great world of thought and action, into the humanity at which they should be the better half. Certainly a measure of such vast importance, touching the interests of society at so many points, and bound up indissolubly with the future welfare of the nation and race, has a valid claim to be ranked as one of the most useful and benign of the movements of modern times. Whatever else it may be, it is a splendid utility.

A New Womanhood.

THE subject-nature theory was invented by men, who afterwards attempted to foist their handiwork upon nature, and to discover some prime necessity in woman's constitution and mental organism for subservience to her stronger brother. On the same principle we bring on disease and misfortune by gross violations of the laws of health and common prudence, and then lay these evils to the providence of God. Such a mode of shirking responsibility is ungenerous and mean. Neither God or Nature is to blame for the modifications of woman's constitution brought about in the course of ages by man-made laws, customs and usages. Let the condemnation rest where it belongs.

Womanhood is awakening out of an immeasurably long cramp, a suspension and torpidity of the energies of body and mind. She is coming to herself after the monotony and mildew of a half-conventional existence among contracted duties and aims, where

she received, by dim reflection, her notions of the world of affairs and ideas from the male members of her household. In contrast to her brother's life, crowded with activity, bustle, change and excitement, her existence had but the single drama of love with one act; and in too many cases, soon after marriage, the curtain was dropped upon a loneliness drearier and blanker than before.

Now woman is awaking to see with her own eyes, hear with her own ears, and speak for herself out of the depths of a new experience and knowledge of life. Old things are fast passing away; all things are becoming new. Woman is beginning to assert herself and make demands. This period of assertion and claims is not altogether favorable to the growth of the sweetest and most alluring traits of character. It is the seed plot revealing the bare ugliness of ploughed ground, where, later in the season, a green and golden harvest shall wave.

As yet woman is not fully out of the chrysalis. This is the epoch of great expectations and somewhat meagre fulfilment. The promise of the future is immense. But the performance of the present is unsatisfactory. She is suffering from conditions incident upon her emerging from the old without complete adaptation to the new. Just at present she is busy casting her own horoscope, and predicting glorious things for herself and her sex in days to come. The world, meantime, listens skeptically and says, "Why don't you show us what you are capable of doing at once? We will take down the bars and open the gates of masculine privilege as soon as, from actual demonstration, we are convinced you can do what you say you can."

The world proclaims that it is not hostile to merit as soon as merit has shown its quality. It needs all the power, intelligence and skill it can have, and a thousand-fold more than it has got. It is only indifferent to those who proclaim their own merit, but give no evidence of what they boast. It points to Rosa Bonheur, Mrs. Lewes, Frances Power Cobb, Anna Dickinson and many others, and asks what has stood in the way of these women. They have shown themselves capable, resolute and determined, and the world-oyster has been no harder for them to open than for men under like circumstances. They have taken their rights without eternally prating about them, and other women, if they have the ability and force of character can do the same.

The speciousness of the reasoning is obvious enough. Because a few women of superlative genius have reaped honors and emoluments high up, where there is always room for both sexes, as easily as men would have done, offers no excuse for debarring the mass of women from the rights and privileges which belong to them, and which they sorely need. Because women as yet, with manifold hindrances, have not shown the

mental strength of their brothers, offers no reason why their road to improvement should be infinitely more difficult than the road men are obliged to tread. The old, cramped, inconvenient house must be torn down and the rubbish cleared away, before a new and spacious structure can be built on the spot where it stood.

Still, it is true that our new womanhood must soon begin to yield large results of actual performance, in order that the prophecies made concerning it may not appear overstrained and ridiculous. These days of change and revolution seem somewhat unprofitable and discouraging, as did the first months after the Emancipation Proclamation, when the negro was set free, not knowing what to do with his freedom. Woman does not yet know what to do with her enlarged sphere. She has tools in her hands, but has not yet learned the use of them. She has opportunities granted her, but does not yet know how to turn them to the best account. It is just here where patient endeavor, unflagging industry, and a firm determination of will must show themselves. At present, men have such an immense advantage, whenever brought in competition with the other sex, that nothing but sheer force of character can ever put women on the same footing in art, professional, and business careers.

Such as feel the impulses of the new epoch are very apt to think at once of making their quickened energies turn some public wheel. They must all be speakers, writers, lecturers. Many of them have yet to learn that third and fourth rate talents and acquirements cannot do first rate public work; therefore they fail, and, soured and disappointed, lay the blame on the disabilities of their sex, when it is really due to their superficial training and overweening estimate of their own talents.

We are soon to pass out of the period of talk into that of work. The froth of the agitated surface is subsiding, and, as college doors open and distinctions are removed, it is time for women to think of the solid results of their new womanhood. The sex is going to school now. What will it do when it takes its degree and enters upon life? A stretch of earnest endeavor lies before us. It is not as easy or pleasant to accomplish as it is to prophesy. But the time for accomplishment has come. This great movement was not created to give a few platform orators opportunity to display their gifts. It grew out of the necessities of the sex for a larger life, ampler powers, better culture, nobler purposes and higher aims.

We expect to see the next decade yielding a rich harvest of results. Women have talked and reasoned the world into respectful attention; they must now work out their own salvation by those qualities of mind and character most needed to help and redeem society.

A STORY next week.

Courtship Continued.

VERY much of the pleasure of courtship comes from the constant attentions of the parties to each other. Their affection voices itself in all possible ways. Every sentence is edged with a compliment and spoken in tender tones. Every look is a confession. Every act is a new word in the exhaustless vocabulary of love. Kiss and caress are parenthetic clauses and gestures in the dialect of love, and gifts and sacrifices are the more emphatic expressions of the spirit no language can fully articulate and no devotion declare. And it is the fact that affection confesses itself continually in look and word and act, making the voice musical and the fingers poetic in their touch and doing, that makes the experience so beautiful, the only Eden many a woman ever has on earth.

In courtship nothing is taken for granted. Both parties are put on their good behavior. Love keeps itself fresh and active by constant expression in word and act. But, strange to say, the courtship usually ends with marriage. Very soon both parties yield to the sense of possession, and the feeling of security robs gallantry of motive and extracts the poetry from the mind. The beautiful attentions which were so pleasing before marriage are too often forgotten afterwards; the gifts cease or come only with the asking; the music dies out of the voice; everything is taken for granted, and the love that, like the silver jet of the fountain, leaped to heaven, denied its natural outlet, ceases to flow altogether. Then comes dull, heavy, hard days, with two unhappinesses tied together wishing themselves apart, and not always content with merely wishing.

This is unnatural, unwise, and wrong. What our married life wants to give it new tone and sweetness is more of the manner as well as the spirit of the courting time. Love must have expression or it will die. It can be kept forever beautiful and blessed as at the first, by giving it constant utterance in word and act. The more it is allowed to flow out in delicate attentions and noble service, the stronger and more satisfying and more blessed it will be. The house becomes home only when love drops its heavenly manna in it fresh every day, and the true marriage vow is made not once for all at the altar, but by loving words and helpful service and delicate attentions to the end.

We have received a great number of congratulatory and encouraging letters from subscribers and friends in all parts of the country, some of which are too complimentary for publication. We can put our columns to much better purpose than in printing praises of ourselves. Our friends will accept our hearty thanks for their favors, and if they really like the paper, and are interested in the work it is doing, we trust they will show their appreciation by their works. The best compliment any one can pay us is to send the name of a new subscriber. That is the sort of praise that pays.

Correspondence.

Keep Out of By-Paths.

To the Editor of the Revolution :

I WANT to tell you and your readers how glad I am to see the REVOLUTION in your strong, wise hands. I am glad, first, because I know you to be an experienced and eminently competent editor; secondly, because in your ripe judgment and catholic spirit I find a guaranty that, so far as you are concerned, the cause of woman's enfranchisement will be kept free of all unworthy entanglements and placed before the public upon its real merits; and, finally, because in all this I see good ground for hope that past divisions, jealousies, and animosities may speedily be forgotten, and the whole body of those who love the cause be brought to act together in peace and harmony, thus presenting a united front to those who would resist and defeat the movement. I may, at the same time, congratulate you and your readers that you are to have the aid of Mrs. Bullard and Miss Larned, whose powerful pens have done such noble work in the past.

And now, if we can only bring our forces into line, and move steadily forward in the path which lies open before us, diverging neither to the right hand nor the left to waste our energies upon side issues and schemes that only "lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind," I think we may reasonably anticipate an early triumph for our cause. The sooner we all perceive that there is no "short-cut" to the end we have in view, and that our object can only be effected by earnest, straightforward efforts to change the public sentiment of the country, and thus prepare the way for the needed alterations in the National or State constitutions, the better will it be for ourselves and the cause. For myself, I have no faith whatever in any of the "cross-lot" projects that are so attractive to many excellent people. They seem to me to raise questions of casuistry that tend rather to demoralize than enlighten the people, leading them to depend upon a lawyer's cunning for the attainment of an object which can be rightfully and properly effected only by their own honest efforts. The Constitution of the United States having provided for the choice of Electors of President and Vice-President in such "manner" as the Legislatures of the respective States may determine, some of our friends propose to ask those Legislatures to provide by law that women may vote for such electors. That the word "manner" was ever intended as a warrant for such a measure no one will seriously pretend; that most people instinctively regard the proposed interpretation as in the nature of a trick is as certain as that two and two make four; while it is plain that the discussion which the proposal involves would be mainly a strife about words, in which the real issue of woman's suffrage would be lost sight of in endless and fruitless hair-splitting. I venture to say that in any leg-

islature in the Union two votes could be obtained by fair means for an alteration of the constitution to give woman suffrage for every one that could be procured for such a law as that proposed. In going before legislative bodies, why forsake a strong position for one that is weak, and upon which there is not one chance in a thousand for success?

So, too, of the attempt to gain our end by a forced judicial or legislative interpretation of the United States Constitution as it now stands—an attempt as idle as that which was persistently made by some good people, for many years in succession, to prove that the Constitution, in spite of its disgraceful compromises, and notwithstanding repeated judicial decisions to the contrary, forbade slavery. The moment the people came to the conclusion that slavery must and should be abolished, they saw even more clearly than before how absurd this argument was, and that an alteration of the Constitution was indispensable. Now it is just as certain that the people of the United States, in adopting the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, did not mean to give suffrage to women, as that, in ratifying the Constitution itself, they did not mean to abolish slavery. I have read all or nearly all the speeches, reports, and essays intended to show that women have a right to vote under the Constitution as it now stands, but to me the argument is far from satisfactory; and I am as certain as I can be of anything in the future, that there is not the remotest probability that either Congress or the judiciary will ever sanction this new interpretation. We may as well beat the air or "bay the moon" as seek our end in this way. The whole argument turns upon the absurd and scandalous dictum of Judge Taney, in the Dred Scott case, that a man who is not a voter is not in the eye of the Constitution a citizen. Thus, by divesting the negro of citizenship, he proved that he had "no rights which a white man is bound to respect." This decision was scouted by the conscience and common sense of the nation, as not less absurd in the light of history and of former judicial interpretation than it was infamous in purpose and design; and yet it is now put forward as a basis for woman's claim to the ballot. I cannot reconcile it either to candor or fair dealing to attempt to force upon the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments an interpretation which neither Congress nor the people ever intended they should bear. I unhesitatingly declare that I should regard a judicial decision such as is sought in this case as a calamity; for, if the Constitution may be stretched by the courts to-day in the interest of liberty, and to carry a measure good in itself, but which the people have never sanctioned, what security have we, or can we have, that it will not hereafter be stretched, in the interest of despotism, in obedience to the demands of a corrupt public sentiment? It behooves reformers to treat the Constitution with scrupulous fairness and honesty,

and to tempt neither legislatures nor courts to foist upon it interpretations it was never intended to bear.

Let us not imitate the folly of the teamster who, to shorten his route, left the beaten highway and attempted to urge his team over an impassable mountain, and who, after vainly exhausting his own strength and that of his animals, and wasting much precious time, had to come back again to the highway and resume his journey at the very point of departure. The road to a Sixteenth Amendment, that shall be the consummation of all our hopes and wishes, is plain and straight before us. The only obstacle to be overcome is the ignorance and prejudice of the people, and the potency of the weapons by which this is to be accomplished has been shown in a hundred similar conflicts, so that victory is certain to crown our efforts, if we are steadfast and true to the end.

Some may say, Let both plans be urged—that for a Sixteenth Amendment on the one hand, and that for a new interpretation of the Constitution on the other. But this implies a division of our forces and a waste of power. On this point let me cite the warning of that eminently sagacious champion of our cause, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in the *Woman's Journal*. He says:

"While we ought not to thwart each other's pet projects, but wish them all success, we ought now and then to give a friendly warning if we see a large column fling down in a direction where there is 'No Thoroughfare.' For instance, I have now been contributing to this journal nearly two years, without saying a word of dissent from the claim of suffrage under the new Constitutional amendments—because I wished it to succeed, though I had small faith in it. But when I see—as must be plain to everybody—that as soon as any of our friends begin to take that by-path, they instantly leave the main road of the Sixteenth Amendment and never get back to it, I am bound to say, once for all, which of the two seems to me the better way. . . . Suppose the Supreme Court, by a majority of one, enfranchises women; then suppose one venerable gentleman out of that majority dies and his successor votes to reverse the decision another year. If this happened in the case of the Legal Tender Act, after almost everybody had acquiesced in the decision, it certainly may happen in this case, where the popular opinion is not yet educated so far. I think this will be resting a great reform on insecure ground; whereas a Sixteenth Amendment, though a slow process, will be sure. If both could be heartily followed up at once, I should be perfectly satisfied. But if there ever was a reformatory body which could heartily follow up two entirely distinct modes of operation at the same time, it must be a company in which I have never trained. Practically, it seems to me, we have to choose between the two ways of working."

To me these seem words of wisdom, and I hope they may serve to recall to the "main road" those who are following "by-paths" in the delusive hope of sooner reaching the goal.

One other consideration I beg leave to present. The proposition that the new

amendments secure suffrage to women takes the question out of the immediate jurisdiction of the people and leaves it to be decided by judges appointed for life. Popular agitation of a question once referred to a court, if not absolutely inappropriate, can only be carried on under great disadvantages. The people may well say, "Why should we discuss the subject since our opinions can have no weight with the tribunal that must make the final decision? The court will hear counsel, it cannot and it ought not to listen to us, nor be swerved from a right decision by any amount of popular clamor. Let us then patiently and submissively await its utterance." The Sixteenth Amendment presents the question directly to the people for their verdict, in every election of Senators and Representatives, and, looking as it does, to a change of public opinion, is a natural basis for the widest agitation and the closest appeals to the hearts and consciences of the people. I trust the American Woman Suffrage Association, if it shall hold a meeting in Washington the coming Winter, will forsake all other issues and adhere only to this. Yours, for union and harmony.

OLIVER JOHNSON.

MR. STARK, in a recent lecture, says the fop is one-third collar, one-sixth patent-leather, one-fourth walking-stick, and the rest kid glove and hair. It is pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of a tailor's bill gives him the nightmare. By his hair one would judge he had been dipped, like Achilles, but it is evident that the goddess must have held him by the head, instead of the heel. Such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles there would be no frogs. They are not entirely to blame for being devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. But it seems to be a waste of materials to put five dollars' worth of beaver on five-cents' worth of brains.

THE value of illustrations in children's books is shown in the case of Leibnitz. One of the books that first fell into his hands was Livy's History, the language of which was utterly beyond the boundaries of such Latin as he had mastered, but which nevertheless inspired him with the most ardent curiosity. Luckily, woodcuts with explanatory subscriptions adorned the edition, and from the subjects of these he deduced the meaning of the words beneath. Thus assisted, and gaily skipping over dark places, he forded Livy from beginning to end, and then forded it all through again, having sufficiently improved himself to diminish the number and length of his skips. But the woodcuts must have been better than some of those which deface rather than embellish not a few of our books and illustrated papers, which it would be impossible to understand without explanation, and are quite enough to frighten even a grown person from reading anything on the same page.

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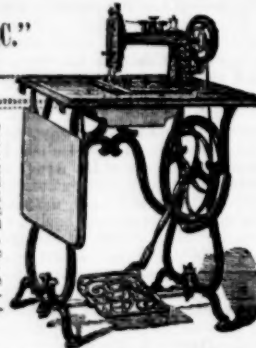
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1281-H

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs,

such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping

Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma,

and Consumption.

Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of Consumption, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, to remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing Coughs, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most skeptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defense; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centered on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome Influenza and painful Bronchitis, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toll is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

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NOTICE.**Redemption of 5-20 Bonds of**

1862.

Treasury Department.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1871.

By virtue of the authority given by an act of Congress approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An Act to authorize the refunding of the national debt," I hereby give notice that the principal and accrued interest of the bonds herein-below designated, known as Five-Twenty Bonds, will be paid at the Treasury of the United States, in the City of Washington, on or after the first day of December next, and that the interest on said bonds will cease on that day. That is to say, Coupon Bonds known as the first series, Act of February 25, 1862, dated May 1, 1862, numbered as follows:

1 to 30699, inclusive,	\$50 each.
1 to 43572, "	100 "
1 to 40011, "	500 "
1 to 74104, "	1000 "

And Registered Bonds of the same Act—

1 to 595, inclusive,	\$50 each.
1 to 4103, "	100 "
1 to 1899, "	500 "
1 to 8906, "	1000 "
1 to 2665, "	5000 "
1 to 2906, "	10000 "

The amount outstanding (embraced in the numbers as above) is one hundred million (\$100,000,000) dollars.

Coupon Bonds of the Act of February 25, 1862, were issued in four distinct series. Bonds of the first series (embracing those described above) do not bear the series designation upon them, while those of the second, third and fourth series are distinctly marked on the face of the bonds.

United States securities forwarded for redemption should be addressed to the "LOAN DIVISION," Secretary's Office.

J. F. HARTLEY,

1298-eow-5t

Acting Secretary.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S. SOOTHING SYRUP, FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

greatly facilitates the process of teething by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this article for years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH of it what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it; on the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfillment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation has been used with NEVER-FAILING SUCCESS in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPE IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of DYSENTERY AND DIARRHOEA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—Do not let your prejudices nor the prejudices of others stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be SURE—yes, ABSOLUTELY SURE—to follow the use of this medicine if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

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WM. W. HENSHAW, Secretary. 198

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one that will heat below as well as the upper rooms. It has a shield to prevent the smoke from being smoked; has a dust-damper by which the stove can be cleaned out and a fire removed without dust. Any one who examines the grate will be satisfied that it is superior to any heater yet made.

Also for sale the American Range, THE MONARCH, an elevated oven range.

The Etna Stationary Heater, THE VULCAN PORTABLE HEATER; also, COOKING STOVES, for coal or wood, SELF FEEDING STOVES, and a variety of Heating Stoves, all of which will be sold at low prices.

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AGENTS wanted everywhere, to on beat of wages paid. 1280H

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It is now presented in a scientific combination with other soothing and healing agencies, in the form of a SALVE; and, having been already used in numberless cases with most satisfactory and beneficial results, we have no hesitation in offering it to the public as the most certain, rapid, and effectual remedy for all Sores and Ulcers, no matter of how long standing, for Burns, Cuts, Wounds, and every ABRASION of SKIN or FLESH, and for Skin diseases generally.

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MILLIONS Bear Testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects. They are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the **GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and a LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE**, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

For Inflammation and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by **Vitiated Blood**, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurf, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the System in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Pins, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

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A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS.
Do you want an agency, local or traveling, with a chance to make \$5 to \$30 per day selling our new 1 strand White Wire Clothes Lines? They last forever; sample free, so there is no risk. Address at once Hudson River Wire Works, 133 Maiden Lane, cor. Water St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 1265-1317

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Much sickness undoubtedly with children and adults, attributed to other causes, is occasioned by worms. The "Vermifuge Comfits," although effectual in destroying worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be safe and sure in eradicating worms, so hurtful to children.

Children having worms require immediate attention, as neglect of the trouble often causes prolonged sickness.

Symptoms of worms in children are often overlooked. Worms in the stomach and bowels cause irritation, which can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy. The combination of ingredients used in making Brown's "Vermifuge Comfits" is such as to give the best possible effect with safety.

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Messrs. JOHN I. BROWN & SON:

As I have used your "Worm Comfits" in my practice for two years past with always good success, I have no hesitation in recommending them as a very superior preparation for the purposes for which they are intended. As I am aware they do not contain any mercury or other injurious substances, I consider them perfectly safe to administer even in the most delicate cases.

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DIRECTIONS.

Take each time—

ONE Lozenge for children from 1 to 2 years.

TWO " " " 2 to 4 "

THREE " " " 4 to 6 "

FOUR " " " over 6 "

Six Lozenges for adults.

To be taken in the morning before breakfast, and at night (bed time) for four or five days.

Commence again in a week, and give as before, if symptoms of worms are again observed.

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Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach,
Pain in the Stomach, Bowels, or Side,
Rheumatism in all its forms.
Neuralgia, Bilious Colic,
Dysentery, Cholera,
Fresh Wounds, Colds,
Tooth Ache, Chapped Hands,
Sore Throat, Burns,
Sprains and Bruises, Spinal Complaints, Chills and Fever.

PURELY VEGETABLE AND ALL-HEALING.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

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No. 215 Fulton Street, N. Y.

The HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and FAMILY LINIMENT will extract the fire from a burn immediately, and remove all pain and soreness. Also a sure cure for Dysentery and Summer Complaints, giving immediate relief.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING:

In all cases of Pain in the Side, Stomach, Back or Bowels, Dysentery and Summer Complaints, it should be taken internally, as follows:

To a tumbler half full of water put a table-spoonful or more of sugar; add to it a tea-spoonful of the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and FAMILY LINIMENT; mix them well together, and drink it.

In all cases of Sore Throat, either from Cold, Bronchitis, or any other cause, prepare the mixture as above, and take a tea-spoonful or two every hour or two through the day.

For Rheumatic Affections in the Limbs, Stomach or Back, Spinal Diseases, Stitches in the Back or Side, make a thorough external application with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and FAMILY LINIMENT, in its full strength, rubbing it in well.

For Tooth Ache, wet a piece of cotton and put it to the tooth.

For a Cough and Pain in the Side, bathe the side and stomach well, and lay on a piece of dry cotton wadding or batting to the parts affected, which will produce a little irritation, and remove the difficulty to the skin and carry it off.

For Ague, make a like application to the face. It is best at all times, when making an external application, to take some of the above mixture internally; it quickens the blood and invigorates the system.

For Burns or Scalds, put it on in its full strength immediately after the accident.

For Cuts, wrap up the wound in the blood, and wet the bandage thoroughly with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and FAMILY LINIMENT.

For Chills and Fever it is a certain and sure cure. Should be used freely externally about the chest, and taken internally at the same time. It quickens the blood and invigorates the whole system. No mistake about it.

PRICE, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

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STANDING.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., June 25, 1867.

H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist:

DEAR SIR: I have been a sufferer for upward of twenty years with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medical preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparation extensively advertised, I consulted my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubeba and juniperberries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination; and with his advice, after an examination of the matter, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced to use it about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room.

From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing to you a full statement of my case at the time, but thought my improvement might be only temporary, and therefore concluded to defer, and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing that it would be of greater value to you and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected, after using the remedy for five months.

I HAVE NOT USED ANY MORE FOR THREE MONTHS AND FEEL AS WELL IN ALL RESPECTS AS I EVER DID.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use on such occasions.

M. McCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:

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HON. J. C. KNOX,
Ex-Judge, Philadelphia.

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Ex-Judge, Philadelphia.

HON. D. B. PORTER,
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HON. ELLIS LEWIS,
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HON. G. W. WOODWARD,
Ex-Judge, Philadelphia.

HON. W. A. PORTER,
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HON. JOHN BIGLER,
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HON. E. BANKS,
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And many others, if necessary.



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